

Devil's Edge

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EXT. RURAL SUBURBS - DAY

KURT, 29, short and straight postured, knocks on the door of a modest home. A leather DUFFLEBAG is in his arms. A HOUSEWIFE opens the door.

KURT

Good afternoon, my name is Kurt.
Have you ever considered investing
in fine cutlery?

HOUSEWIFE

Oh, no thank you dear.

She quickly shuts the door. Kurt turns away and briskly makes his way to the next house. He knocks on the door, and eventually it cracks open a bit. A BEARDED MAN presents only his face through the crack.

BEARDED MAN

Can I help you?

KURT

Good afternoon, my name is-

BEARDED MAN

Don't want any.

The door shuts. Kurt takes the rejection in stride. He finds more of the same at the next dozen houses he visits.

EXT. RAMSHACKLE HOUSE - DAY

Kurt arrives at a long, dirt driveway leading deep into a densely wooded plot of land. A neglected house is set far away from the road. There aren't any other houses along this stretch of road that he can see. Kurt walks towards the house.

Garbage of all kinds litters the property. Kurt steps onto the porch which is covered in paint chips that have peeled off the house. He rings the bell and takes stock of the uninviting environment. Suddenly, dogs start barking loudly inside, and a few more seconds later the door begins to open, and Kurt prepares a smile.

KURT

Good afternoon! My name is-

Kurt's jaw drops. DARREL, 40, a mountain of a man, wearing garments constructed exclusively from ANIMAL PELTS, stands in the door way. Kurt recovers and holds out his hand.

(CONTINUED)

KURT
Hi, I'm Kurt.

DARREL
Wudayoowant?

KURT
Have you ever invested in fine
cutlery?

Kurt holds up the leather bag in his arms, jiggling it a bit
to make the contents clink.

KURT
I assure you, Devil's Edge knives
are unlike any-

DARREL
What did you say?

KURT
Yes, Devil's Ed-

DARREL
Come in.

Darrel strides deeper into the house, leaving the door open.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Kurt tiptoes into the dark house. The place is filthy with
dirt, debris and scraps of animal hide. The sound of dogs
barking booms from somewhere deep in the house. Kurt
clutches the bag to his chest and his eyes dart around
anxiously.

DARREL
Come back here now, before I lose
my hospitality.

Kurt swallows a lump in his throat.

INT. DARREL'S DEN - DAY

Kurt walks into a big room used for SKINNING and leather
TANNING. Darrel grabs the bag from Kurt.

DARREL
Lemme see these.

KURT
There's a lock. I'll have to do the
combo.

(CONTINUED)

DARREL
What is it? I'll do it.

KURT
Company policy, sir. I can't tell
anyone the combination.

Darrel is already trying different numbers.

DARREL
You ever used these knives?

KURT
Devil's Edge knives are unlike any-

DARREL
Didn't think so.

KURT
I've seen, first hand, the patented
blade cut through wood, metals,
plastics, fibers.

DARREL
Fine, you open it! I want to see
the damn things, not hear you talk
about them.

Dogs erupt in aggressive BARKING from another room. Darrel
gets up and slams the door shut. Kurt enters a combination,
but the bag won't open.

KURT
Sometimes this thing jams.

DARREL
You can't open it?

KURT
Takes a few tries, lemme see...

DARREL
I can open it.

KURT
I can get it, really. This has
happened before.

Kurt takes the bag over to a counter, and tries to jiggle
the lock mechanism. He looks up and notices a glass case
mounted on the wall that displays an assortment of knives,
hatchets, cleavers, machetes, clippers, and picks.

(CONTINUED)

DARREL
I don't usually show people my
collection.

KURT
No?

DARREL
Not since my ex-wife.

Dogs bark again. Darrel turns his head towards the door.

DARREL (CONT.)
Shut the fuck up!

Kurt is startled by Darrel's shout. Darrel gestures to Kurt to keep trying the lock. The barking subsides.

DARREL (CONT.)
I got my mind set on seeing what
the Devil's sent me. You're gonna
open that bag before you leave.

KURT
Luckily, I can tell you that we
currently have a limited time
offer. If you buy two sets for
39.95 each-

DARREL
If I like 'em, the price don't
matter.

Kurt seems unsure how to take that. Darrel reaches up and opens the glass case. Kurt watches, frozen in fear as Darrel pulls out a heavy meat cleaver.

KURT
Those all belong to you, huh?

DARREL
They do now. I collect special
ones. The one's that got history.

KURT
Oh, like what?

EXT. BUTCHER'S SHOP - NIGHT

CLOSE UP on a CLEAVER in THE KILLER's hand. He's tall, wearing a dirty butcher's apron and standing against the wall next to an open doorway in a dark freezer. Through the doorway, a BOSS leans against the deli case, tapping his foot.

BOSS
You gonna bring that shank out here
or what?

THE KILLER
Come get it yourself.

The Boss marches through the doorway in a huff, and as he does, The Killler swings the meat CLEAVER into the Boss's forehead.

INT. DARREL'S DEN - DAY

Darrel holds the cleaver up to examine it.

DARREL
You can see the little knicks where
he hacked up with leg bones. You're
knives cut bone?

KURT
Devil's Edge knives come with a 6
month, money back guarantee.

Darrel puts the cleaver back in the case.

DARREL
Six months. I could get a lot of
use out of something in six months.
You got the bag open yet?

Kurt hasn't been trying. He fidgets lightly, pretending to put in effort.

KURT
No, I might have to go to my car to
get-

Darrel starts to reach for the bag, but Kurt pulls it back.

KURT
Y'know, I enjoyed hearing about
your collection. What's, uhm, the
story with that one?

Kurt points at nothing specific in the case.

(CONTINUED)

DARREL

The pick axe? Or the hedge
clippers?

KURT

The clippers.

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

The Killer, as a boy, holds a pair of HEDGE CLIPPERS, and wears thick, elbow length GLOVES on both arms. He stands over a cat caught in a cage. He opens the cage door and shoves the clipper blades in. The cat SHRIEKS, and then abruptly stops as the boy jams the handles together. He can't stop grinning.

INT. DARREL'S DEN - DAY

KURT

I never liked cats.

DARREL

Depends how you cook 'em. If you
don't open that bag soon, I will.
But you won't like how I do it.

KURT

Almost got it, I think.

Darrel turns back to the case, looking over his collection. Kurt eyes dart back and forth between a MALLET resting nearby and the back of Darrel's head. Kurt's about to reach for the mallet, when-

DARREL

That's not part of the collection,
case you're wondering.

KURT

What? What isn't?

DARREL

That mallet.

KURT

Oh. Didn't even notice it.

DARREL

s'just a mallet.

KURT

Ok.

(CONTINUED)

DARREL
Use it for everyday stuff.

KURT
For work?

DARREL
Keepin' the dogs in line.

KURT
Sure.

DARREL
Could use it to bust that lock.

KURT
I'd have to charge you for it.

Darrel turns back to the case.

DARREL
I'm running out of space in here.
Might have to sell some things to
make room.

KURT
What would you get rid of?

DARREL
They're all unique. I don't know.

KURT
That hatchet looks...bland.

DARREL
That was a gift. That's the one
that started this whole thing.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

PONYTAIL, 50, is chatting with CHUBBY. They're both dressed in trendy designer outdoors wear. The Killer stands nearby, chopping firewood with a HATCHET.

CHUBBY
Heh, heh, yea. I always look
forward to these company retreats.

PONYTAIL
Oh I do this all the time. I get
out, whenever I can. Y'know, in
nature, breathe the air. Keeps me
focused. You close that deal with
Peters?

(CONTINUED)

CHUBBY

Oh Peters? Yea, it's a sure thing.

The Killer gestures for Ponytail to come help him chop wood.

PONYTAIL

Yea, yea.

The Killer puts a piece of wood in Ponytail's hand, and points to the tree stump where the wood is being chopped. Ponytail leans down and holds the piece in place.

PONYTAIL

It's a sure thing? Did they sign or not?

CHUBBY

Everything was lining up, I just didn't check my email before we left for the weekend. I'm not worried.

The Killer is frustrated and forcefully changes the position of Ponytail's grip on the fire wood.

PONYTAIL

Yea, no one's as excited to be on this retreat as me. But shit, if I wouldn't leave a deal hanging.

CHUBBY

Alright, I get enough of this from my wife, I don't need it here too.

PONYTAIL

That's another story altogether. Kev, you gonna fuckin' chop this or what?

The Killer swings the hatchet and chops off Ponytail's hand. Ponytail looks at his bloody stump before Baldie swings the hatchet and beheads him.

INT. DARREL'S DEN - NIGHT

Darrel stands with his hands on his hips, admiring his collection.

DARREL

You get that bag open yet?

Darrel turns to see Kurt brandishing a LARGE STEAK KNIFE. His bag is open on the counter. Kurt is quiet and focused.

(CONTINUED)

DARREL
Well I'll be damned.

Kurt lunges forward and stabs Darrel several times, before Darrel shoves the smaller man clear across the room into a shelf. Darrel stumbles against the counter and knocks Kurt's BAG onto the floor. Its contents spill out; bloody knives along with FINGERS, EARS, PATCHES OF HAIR AND SKIN.

DARREL
Nice collection.

Darrel tosses Kurt's souvenirs into a vat of solution, and they start to sizzle. Kurt attacks Darrel again, but this time Darrel is ready and pummels Kurt in the ribs with the mallet, CRACKING them loudly. Kurt appears to scream, but no sound comes out. Dogs are barking loudly. Darrel grabs Kurt's hair and punches him in the face.

Kurt stumbles away, falling onto a counter lined with bottles of CHEMICALS for treating leather. Darrel, clutching his bloody guts, lumbers towards Kurt.

DARREL
The dogs'r hungry.

Darrel is closing in, when Kurt SPLASHES a bottle of acid into Darrel's face. Darrel is still, his eyes clenched shut. Kurt braces himself against the counter, his chest heaving. Chemicals drop off Darrel's chin. Suddenly, Darrel begins screaming and clawing at his eyes. Kurt flees the room.

INT. DARREL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Kurt crashes into the dim hallway. BARKING is tremendous. In a panic, he scrambles deeper into the house. Darrel comes roaring from the room behind him, clutching his face and waving a knife.

Kurt desperately tries the handle on every door he finds, but they're all locked. The barking continues.

DARREL
I can hear, you fuckin' rat.

Kurt is at the last door, it's unlocked. He slips in as Darrel lumbers closer.

INT. DOG ROOM - NIGHT

Kurt SLAMS the door behind, and tries to hold it shut against Darrel's pushing. They struggle for several seconds, then Darrel suddenly stops.

Kurt slowly turns towards the room. He freezes when he sees the faces of three ferocious dogs, teeth bared and glaring at him. All three heads are attached to one body, a perverted taxidermy project of Darrel's. A folding chair nearby holds a stereo that is emitting the sound of barking.

Kurt staggers towards the stereo and knocks over a stack of cassettes as he hits the stop button. The barking ceases. He stands there in confusion and awe, examining the Cerberus. Behind Kurt, the door knob jiggles a little and the door swings open slowly and Darrel's dead body slumps through the room on the floor.

THE END